

The Times-Dispatch
DAILY - WEEKLY - SUNDAY

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WHAT GOOD ROADS MEAN.

More than a million dollars the day is being spent for the construction of good roads in this country; yet the work has not fairly begun. For every mile of good roads there are a thousand miles of bad roads; for every community that is doing something for the improvement of its highways there are a thousand communities that are doing nothing for the betterment of their condition. It is one of the many strange things in our modern American life that there should be so much doubt on a matter that is so clear; that there should be a single man of average intelligence who would resist the movement for the improvement of our highways; but the American people are a very queer people. It required years of preaching by the apostles of intensive agriculture before the farmers could be convinced that in that way and that way only could they hope to improve their condition. For ten years or more the Hon. Wyatt Allen, the elder, went up and down through South Carolina preaching the virtues of hillside ditching, or terracing, as it is now called, without seeming to make the least impression; but to-day there is not a farm in the hill country of his State which is not protected in this way. It required preaching for years before the farmers could be persuaded that commercial fertilizers would save the soil and make the crops, and to-day the cotton crop of the South amounts to something like fourteen million bales as against five million bales twenty-five or thirty years ago.

There are still thousands of people all over the country who will argue that the old method of building roads is a good enough method; that the roads the fathers used are good enough for the children, and it is for the purpose of educating the people that associations have been formed and stretches of good roads built here and there to show how those who oppose this forward movement are wasting their own substance by insisting upon the old policies and the old ways. It is for the purpose of spreading the gospel of good roads that the second annual convention of the American Association for Highway Improvement is to be held in the city of Richmond shortly, from November 29 to November 31, and, if it were possible, we wish that all the people of this great country could be here to take part in the deliberations of that body. President Taft will be present on the opening day of the convention, the presidents of fourteen of the principal railroads in the country will be here, and the good roads trains of the Southern Railway, the Atlantic Coast Line, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, the Frisco, and the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad will be assembled in Richmond to give practical demonstrations in road-building. There will be moving picture shows of what was and what is, speeches by the most experienced of our modern pathfinders, demonstrations of what has been done for the improvement of our post roads, which have made all men living in the country neighbors of their friends in town, and figures proving what the people would save if they would all join in the demand for good roads for themselves and their posterity.

Figures compiled at the headquarters of the Association in Washington show that an expenditure of a little more than \$2,000,000 in each State would result in a general saving to the country of something like a billion dollars the year—a billion dollars the year, mark that—in the prevention of wear and tear on vehicles of all sorts, the increased life of horses and mules, and increased economy in the transportation of crops to market. Mr. D. A. Tompkins has contributed to the current number of "Southern Good Roads," published at Lexington, North Carolina, a very valuable statement on the "Economics of Good Roads," from which we quote as follows:

Economics is simply a science of doing a thing in the cheapest and best way. Nothing is more astonishing than the variations in the cost of transportation. To illustrate this I have compiled the following table:

(1) One horse or mule, or one H. P. electricity or steam, can pull at the rate of three miles an hour, as follows:

(1) Over common dirt road, such as the average of our country roads, 1 bale of cotton (about 1-1/2 of a ton).

(2) Over a graded and drained road, 1 bale of cotton (about 1-1/2 of a ton).

(3) Over a graded and macadamized or sand and clay road, 4 bales of cotton (about 1 ton).

(4) Over a graded way on a trolley track, 20 bales of cotton (about 5 tons).

(5) In a canal boat on a canal, 100 bales of cotton (about 25 tons).

(6) In a steamship on the ocean, 200 bales of cotton (about 50 tons).

Civilization means civilization, which in turn means many things and multitudinous exchanges of products. This exchange is accomplished by transportation. Transportation facilities are

chiefly comprised of two factors: the permanent way and the vehicle. The ocean is one permanent way, and the ship is its vehicle. The canal is another permanent way, and the canal boat is its vehicle. The railway is another permanent way, and the cars are its vehicle. The graded macadam highway is another permanent way, and the wagon or other instrument of carriage is its vehicle. The most important of these factors is the permanent way. It counts for more than the vehicle. In most cases the vehicle couldn't move at all without the permanent way. It is almost true that on parts of the old mud roads you couldn't use any vehicles at all.

Therefore, as civilization grows, and we wish to make any community civilized, we must provide good transportation facilities of the kinds suited to the pursuits of the people. Therefore, we need good roads.

It seems to us that the argument for good roads could not be stated in better and more convincing terms. Good roads are necessary, therefore we should have good roads, and the only way to get good roads is to build them. They will not come by resolutions alone, nor by conventions; they can come only by education and work.

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LOTS OF WATER, BUT FEW SHIPS.

Hartford and New London, Connecticut, were both anxious to have the next convention of the Atlantic Deep Waterways Association. The invitation from New London was accepted and the Convention will be held there. The Hartford Courant congratulates New London, but with the poison of aspens under its tongue passes New London a chunk of advice, saying among other rather spiteful things: "When those fellows arrive have something to show 'em beside the finest harbor on the Atlantic Coast and nothing in it but water." We have no fear that the New London people will not do themselves proud; they will never hear the last of it if they don't.

There is a suggestion in what The Courant says about a harbor filled only with water that we should like to turn to local account. Why is it that more is not done with the water facilities at the Port of Richmond? Last Friday when the Deeper Waterways pilgrims were sailing down the James River, Mr. Samuel H. Yonge, the United States Engineer in charge of the improvement of this majestic stream, explained that there was a depth of eighteen feet of water at low tide from the ocean to Richmond, or twenty-two feet at high tide, and during the snail, which filled in almost the whole day, practically no shipping was seen in the River. Paraphrasing the saying of our Connecticut contemporary, what is the use of a great River with nothing in it but water? There is something wrong somewhere, with our terminal facilities or with our enterprise, when we suffer this great waterway to flow on to the sea without making the most of the advantages which it offers to the commercial life of this community.

HEARST AND "THE WORLD."

Now that the Hon. William Randolph Hearst has come back into the Democratic fold and has opened all his heaviest batteries on Murphy, the country will enjoy the rather unusual spectacle of The World and The American working in double harness for the salvation of New York from the continued reign of Tammany Hall. The Pulitzer people may have some doubt now as to whether or not they are doing exactly the right thing; but they can't shake Hearst without swallowing Murphy. It is better so; better that we should have Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Hearst pulling together in a righteous cause, and they may yet become very good friends. Blessings on both their heads. Down with Murphy, up with Hypocrisy!

ESCORBAR TO THE COLONEL.

Francisco Escobar, Consul-General of Colombia, has taken the hide off The Colonel in a letter which he has written in reply to The Colonel's recent boasting that he had taken Panama and was proud of it. The Colonel says, by way of rejoinder: "Gentlemen, I would not think of answering it any more than I would think of lying." When The Colonel was asked by the reporter for The Herald if he would not look at Escobar's letter, he said: "No, I don't intend to pay any more attention to it than I would to the ravings of Debs or other crazy Socialists on the McNamee trial. I'll have nothing whatever to say about it."

This is no reason, however, why fair-minded Americans should not know what Escobar thinks of The Colonel, whom he characterizes as capitalizing his Presidential prestige as the paid employee of a weekly journal and of misrepresenting the facts in what he calls the "rape of the Isthmus." Escobar reminds The Colonel that he has refused to answer the charges that he violated a public treaty in which the United States had pledged its honor as a nation to guarantee the sovereignty of Colombia, a friendly republic; that he recognized "the fake Republic of Panama in defiance of the accepted principles of international law," and that he prostituted the Navy of the United States to the same end. "Instead of answering these charges," says Escobar, "you hurl insults and slanders at the unfortunate country you robbed of her most valued possessions." Continuing, Escobar says: "You say that Colombia had shown herself utterly incompetent to perform the ordinary governmental duties expected of a civilized state. In summing up your actions as President, you declare, 'We did harm to no one save as a bandit who deprives him of his chance of blackmail.'"

"When you speak of blackmailers and bandits, Mr. Roosevelt, have you forgotten the ultimatum you sent to Colombia threatening her with dire results if her Senate did not ratify without amendment the treaty" written by the attorney for the Panama

Y and E

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Canal Company? Have you forgotten the American marines landed by Admiral Glass and sent into the Atlatro region to Yavisa and Real de Santa Maria? Who was blackmailer and the bandit then?

To all of this fearful arraignment The Colonel replies: "I have absolutely nothing to say about the matter"; and this from the champion of human rights, from the upright tactician and leader of men from whose unctuous lips we have been accustomed to hear high-sounding orations about the goodness of goodness, the righteousness of truth, the sinfulness of sin and the honor of the United States. But Escobar has put a plaster on the back of The Colonel which ought to draw, and which will certainly make those who have been rather proud of the Panama steal think about it again.

WASTING THE SIDE STREETS.

There has been an enormous increase in the value of real estate in Richmond in the last five or ten years, and the demand is so steady that there promises to be increasing values in the years just ahead of us; for Richmond has just begun to grow. This being altogether true, and gratifying as true, why is it that there is so much absolute waste with our resources? Take Franklin Street, for example, and the side streets running off from it, and anybody with half-closed eyes can see that there has been a fearful waste in the way the houses are built. The side streets, which are, in fact, almost as desirable as the main thoroughfare, are thrown away for residence purposes. They are filled with kitchens and servants' quarters and outbuildings of one sort and another, when they might be converted into very fine residence streets. Look at any of the modern towns in New England or anywhere up North, where the property is held at the highest figures, and the side streets are built up as well as the main lines, and it should be so in Richmond, and would be so if the property owners and builders would think about it a minute and make their plans so that every edge would cut and every foot of ground be turned to the best account.

A LITTLE MIXED, BUT ON THE RIGHT ROAD.

In one of the most eloquent of his speeches in his present campaigning in New Jersey, Governor Woodrow Wilson warned his hearers that they must reduce to a simplicity the gathering complexity now characterizing our public affairs; that they must introduce justice into their affairs by playing with politics; that they must realize that they are dealing with the very stuff and fibre of life in American liberty; that they are weaving American life along this fibre; that "men's lives must depend upon the wholesomeness of what you make"; that "men's hopes must ebb and flow as you play with them or keep pace with them"; that "you can make a quicksand of your politics," in which, if they are not careful, "men will find themselves sinking in despair, and the very hope of life choked out of them as they sink."

We should think so. As the New York Evening Sun, an emissary of the wicked one, puts it, things are in a somewhat desperate condition when the reader with a heart full of complexity leads his mind to weaving the stuff and fibre of American life through the ebb and flow of men's hopes out of the quicksand of despair. We are really in a very tight place, and with a wonderfully clear conception of what is needed to establish the feet of the Jersey people on solid ground again, Governor Wilson is instructing them how to do it. Either Henry James or George Harvey would be able to tell what it means; indeed, we shall be much surprised if Harvey shall fail to write a book about it. Dr. Wilson appears to be in the predicament of the late Father Taylor, or the Northern Methodist Church, who said on one occasion, when he had lost his "heads": "Brethren, I've lost my nominative, and I don't know where I am; but I'm bound for the kingdom."

WORK FOR THE TEACHERS.

A number of organizations of influence in Virginia have recorded themselves emphatically against the fee system of compensating public officials. The State Merchants Association, the

State Farmers' Association and other bodies have not hesitated to say that they were strongly for the abolition of the fee system.

The Virginia State Teachers' Association and the Virginia Educational Association should do likewise. The schools are being robbed of much revenue by this graft scheme. More money for schools would result from the destruction of the fee graft.

What will the teachers do about it?

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

The promotion of Mr. John D. Potts to the position of Passenger Traffic Manager of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway is very gratifying to all his friends in this community, where he lives, and to the general public, which he has served faithfully in other responsible places for a good many years. Though born in Petersburg, Virginia, Mr. Potts came very near being a North Carolinian, as he went with his parents to Greensboro in that State when he was seven years old, where he began work as a telegraph messenger, and as such served until he was fourteen. Having acquired the art of telegraphy he entered that service, filling many important offices in South Carolina and Richmond. Twenty-six years ago he was appointed passenger agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio Road at Louisville, Kentucky, and after filling that office for two years he was transferred to Richmond as District Passenger Agent. After fourteen years as District Passenger Agent here, he was transferred to Cincinnati as Assistant General Passenger Agent. Five years ago he was brought back to Richmond as General Passenger Agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio, and now he has been made Passenger Traffic Manager, and will hereafter have entire charge of the passenger business of the road under the immediate supervision of Vice-President Whitaker.

This is a brief, but altogether gratifying account of the successful career of a very worthy and deserving man, who has made his way by his industry, intelligence and high sense of duty to a high place in his calling. With a fine address, a broad grasp of his special work, a wide acquaintance among the people served by the great railroad system of which he is a part, he will be able to serve them even better than ever before, though not with larger loyalty to their welfare and to the interests he represents.

FAIR AWAY PANS.

It seems rather unusual to see a vast crowd watch a scoreboard for the plays and results in a game hundreds of miles away, and cheering and applauding, but this same thing is going on in every State in the Union and the fans who are hanging on the Golden Gate eager for news are as much interested as the shivering folks up Maine way. In London and in Paris, sport-loving Americans are watching the returns and wireless flashes making life on trans-Atlantic steamers far from monotonous.

Yet farther off, in the Berlin Circle, well on the way to the Arctic Circle, the people of the Pribiloff Islands are howling with delight over the baseball news. They are remote and cold up there, but their new naval wireless station puts them in touch with the great game and informs them of the latest thriller by Homerun Baker. Over the wireless the Pribiloffers are making no inquiries about international questions or events—they have simply asked that great question voiced by 50,000,000 Americans: "Is the ground in Philadelphia dry enough to play yet?"

A thousand men, with a sprinkling of lovely young women, stood in front of The Times-Dispatch baseball board yesterday afternoon and watched the game from start to finish. Every now and then, when somebody or other made a lucky play, the lungs of the crowd in Richmond were turned loose and the air was split with their cheers. Isn't it strange how catching this sort of thing is? The yelling helped none of the players, but it enabled some of those who played on the red to forget their losses when the red didn't win.

In the course of a sermon preached at the Edenton Street Methodist Church, in Raleigh, North Carolina, last Sunday, the Rev. H. M. North

said that the enforcement of the liquor law in that city had become a positive joke. He declared that there were a number of places in Raleigh where liquor is sold, and that it is the duty of good citizens to see that the business is stopped. We would call the special attention of The News and Observer, which was so much outraged by the unhappy distribution of sample bottles on the recent Boosters' run through North Carolina, to the condition of affairs right under its own immediate nose. Long time ago in Jerusalem the people were accustomed to sweep before their own doors.

No, "Friend of the Family," Dr. Cook the Original Discoverer of the North Pole, was not born in Cabarrus County, North Carolina, but at Calceon Depot, in the State of New York, or at some other place outside of the South.

The people will be relieved and justice will be favored by the decision of the authorities in Massachusetts to keep as many of the details of the Richeson murder case from the newspaper reporters as possible. Cases of this sort should not be tried in the newspapers.

A pitcher five hundred years old and a gourd, two feet in diameter, over one hundred years old, were two of the exhibits in the fine arts department at the recent county fair in Abbeville, South Carolina. The pitcher was probably made in Virginia and the gourd was undoubtedly a lineal descendant of the vine that sheltered Jonah when he was on his visit to Nineveh. Both indicated the great antiquity of the community in which they are kept.

There was a little touch of frost in some of the nearby places yesterday morning, and it will only be a few weeks before the people in the country will find it almost impossible to reach town because of the fearful condition of the public roads. Now is the time to lay in the winter's supplies, because the roads leading to this town will soon become impassable.

Why should a gentleman who likes ginger ale not order it when he goes to a Club with another gentleman who would like to take whiskey? There are limitations and appetites and preferences and theories, all of which are entirely proper and have to be regarded. Think of what a hard time the manufacturers of ginger ale would have if there were no people who thought they wanted it?

Why is it that horses and mules, or horses or mules, hitched to a two-horse wagon or other vehicle, always pull apart when they are drawing a load? One expert says that it is because they are coming down hill and it is easier on them; but why is it that they do the same thing when they are going up hill or working on level ground?

Is there any reason why snaps should not be served up to the close of the season? Is there ever any reason, when vegetables can be obtained fresh from the gardens, why the canned variety should be served?

Why should men and women who are everlastingly preaching the doctrine of home industries for home people buy their clothes in New York or anywhere else?

In the course of time, probably, Shafer Street will probably get what is coming to it; but it must be said that the new roadway is better than the old.

A North Carolina man was in this office yesterday with the pleasing intelligence that Ty Cobb's grandfather was born in that great State, which makes Ty Cobb a grandson of North Carolina. And here comes George Marcus Bailey, of the Houston Post, with this veracious statement:

A note from Charlotte informs us that Homerun Baker is a member of the Baker family of Rowan county. That settles it. He was born in North Carolina, but doesn't know it yet.

We have noticed so far no enthusiasm among our next-door neighbors over the fact that the Hon. Joseph Gurney Cannon was born in North Carolina.

After a host has ordered a bountiful meal for his guest, the guest should not show his dairy lunch manners by ordering something additional.

"Spain is famous for its onions and garlic," says a consular report. So is Orange, Virginia.

One of the most graphic presentations of the difference between the old form of city government and the commission form of government is that made in a cartoon which lately appeared in the Atlanta Journal. It represents the citizen standing in the road looking at two vehicles. One is an ox-wagon labeled "Old Inefficient Government" and the signboard shows that it is headed toward "stagnation." The other mode of transportation is a new automobile, labeled "New Charter" and headed according to the signboard in the direction of "progress." That is a good illustration of the two methods of government—one, old-fashioned and slow, headed the wrong way, the other, up-to-date, rapid headed the right way. As the proposition before the citizens of Atlanta is very similar to that now proposed in Richmond, the illustration applies very strikingly here.

The Pittsylvania Tribune is doubtless correct in its belief that Brother Leonard Cox, of the Charlotte Gazette, is the oldest editor in the Old Dominion. He is ninety years old, and he started his paper almost forty years ago. Long life to him!

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GAVE FINANCIAL AID TO EX-SHAH OF PERSIA

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.
COUNTESS HENRIETTE DE CLERMONT-TONNERRE, is the name of the mysterious French lady who was the principal financial backer of the ex-Shah of Persia. In his recent attempt to recover his throne, she accompanied his party when it invaded Persia, and was present, not only at the several encounters which took place with the government troops, but also at his final defeat. Nothing has been heard from her since then, and a good deal of alarm prevails among her intimates and friends in France, concerning her fate, knowing whether she was killed, was taken prisoner, or if she escaped.

General Armand-Dowich, the commander-in-chief of the ex-Shah's defeated army, just before facing the life of government soldiers entrusted with his execution, told the following view at Mirza-Jaffar, forty miles from Teheran, with the special correspondent of the London Times, who had known him well in Europe, and who said: "In his conversation, the general, who was a graduate of the Imperial Theoretical military academy at Vienna, where so many royal princes have received their education, bore eloquent tribute to the role played by the Countess de Clermont-Tonnerre, in connection with the unsuccessful attempt of ex-Shah Mohammed Ali, to recover his throne from his small son, at Teheran, who is still grudgingly allowed to surrender his crown to his father."

The Countess Henriette de Clermont-Tonnerre is a very wealthy spinster of about forty years of age, who has devoted much of her wealth to the cause of the ex-Shah, and has been the most exciting description of a member of the historic French house of Clermont-Tonnerre, and a cousin of the family, Count Sibaud de Clermont, or the Dauphine, distinguished himself in the French Revolution, fighting for Pope Calixtus II, against the anti-pope Gregory VIII. Sibaud de Clermont's daughter, Countess de Clermont, married Anne de Hussen, heiress of the last of the Counts de Fontenay.

Among the most famous members of the house was the Marquis de Clermont-Tonnerre, who as field marshal commanded the French army at the battle of Fontenoy. Francois de Clermont-Tonnerre, Bishop of Clermont, was a member of the French Academy in 1694, and founded the academy for poetry which the academy still gives each year. Stanislas de Clermont-Tonnerre, Count de Clermont, was the French National Assembly in the days of the monarchy, and was killed in the massacre of St. Bartholomew that sanguinary 10th of August, 1572. The present dukedom of Clermont-Tonnerre dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, when the first duke, Francois de Clermont, died in 1572 and which had become extinct, was revived.

The present duke of Clermont-Tonnerre is one of the best known figures on the French turf, and is particularly interested in steeplechasing. He married the eldest daughter of the Duc de Gramont, by the first of the Duc de Gramont, Isabelle de Beaubeau-Craon. (The Duc de Gramont's second wife was Marguerite de Rohan, and his present consort is one of the Duc de Gramont's daughters, the Comtesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, Countess de Clermont-Tonnerre, commanding the Fourth Regiment of Spahis in Tunis, at Stax, and brother of the Countess Henriette de Clermont-Tonnerre, who has been the "angel" of the ex-Shah of Persia, and a successful attempt to regain his crown.

Scotland's ancient and important Clan of Menzies has, at a meeting held the other day, at Veem, Aberfeldy, in Perthshire, elected a woman, namely, Miss Egedia Menzies, as its chieftain, in the place of her brother, the late Sir Neil Menzies, who died last winter in Paris, without issue, his baronetcy, created by Charles II, shortly after his accession, thereby becoming extinct. The choice of a woman to officiate in this kind is, I believe, without precedent, at any rate in modern times. It is therefore a noteworthy event, calculated to interest Scotchmen, and people of Scotch descent, in all parts of the world.

When Sir Neil died, he left all his property to his widow, the divorced Countess of Blair. But by virtue of an arrangement between herself and her late husband, who died in 1871, and imposing structure on the banks of the Tay, dating from the sixteenth century, and occupying the site of the foundation of a castle built early in the twelfth century, has passed into the possession of the Menzies, for 800 years, without interruption, and the earliest of the Menzies—one of them, Sir Robert by name, was Lord Chamberlain of Scotland in the reign of Alexander III, on the occasion of the latter's coronation at Stone in 1249—was known as Sir Robert Menzies of Veem. In consequence of the destruction of Menzies Castle, and of all the family charters and writs, by fire, Sir Robert de Menzies, from whom the new chieftainship of the clan is lineally descended, obtained in 1487, from the

Voice of the People

Land Values.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:—Sir—I should like you to show what a bonanza J. J. Astor has in holding the title (ground rents) to 700 separate parcels of land in New York City. The value of the land is \$107,000,000; its real value is much greater. Now, you only gave five inches of space to the subject, which is a real question of to-day (though the politicians would have us believe otherwise). The question is whether it is created, or not, and if not, how it is created, and how it is to be distributed. It is a question of production, and of the distribution of wealth (that is, food for the people).

According to the true economic law, Mr. Astor is a justly entitled to what he has built (capital) will command, but the ground on which they stood is a community-created value, and justly the ground rent should go into the public treasury. Under the single tax Mr. Astor's buildings would be exempt from taxation of any kind (don't tax industry), but the social state would be the gainer in untold millions of dollars in community-created value, and the economic rise in land values. Labor and capital don't want anybody to make their property for them; just do away with the unjust private monopoly of land, and labor and capital (always in the hands of the few) will make their own prosperity. This is not socialism, it is common sense.

This is not a quarrel between the "haves and the have-nots," but a fundamental principle of economic justice and right.

Charlottesville. "FIDMONT."

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